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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Opera Night at the Fenice.

[Concluded from p. 193.]

Massimilla stooped towards the physician and whispered, "You are now to hear a magnificent thing, the conspiracy of Pharaoh against the Hebrews. The majestic air, *A rispettati mi apprenda*, is the triumph of Caratgenova, who will give us a wonderful representation of the wounded pride and the duplicity of Courts. The throne is about to speak. Having made his concessions, the king will withdraw them, and arm his wrath. Pharaoh will arise to leap on the prey that is about to escape. Never has Rossini written anything so fine in character, never anything so rich, so abounding in power. It is a complete work itself, sustained by an accompaniment most astonishingly elaborated, like all the details of this opera, which in every detail glows with the vigor of youth."

The applause of the whole audience followed this beautiful conception, which was admirably rendered by the singer, and perfectly comprehended by the Venetians.

"And here," resumed the Duchess, "we have the *finale*. You are again to hear that march inspired by the joy of redemption and by the faith in their God which gives courage to a whole people and enables them to plunge confidently and rejoicingly into the depths of the desert! Ah! dear and living melodies! Glory to the fine genius who can present such sentiments to us! There is something warlike in this march, which tells us that the God of this people is the God of armies! What depth too in these songs so full of thanksgiving! The images of the Bible revive in our minds, and this divine musical scene seems really to make us witnesses of one of the grandest scenes of the solemn ancient world! The religious design of certain vocal parts, the manner in which the voices are added one to another and grouped together, express all that we can conceive of the holy wonders of that primal age of mankind. This fine concert, however, is only a development of the theme of the march into all its musical consequences. This *motif* is the fecundating principle for the orchestra and the voices, for the song and the brilliant instrumentation which accompanies it. Here is Elcia joining the general mass, and yet made by Rossini to express a regret which shades down the joy of the passage. Listen to her duet with Amenophis. Did wounded love ever utter a finer song? the grace of the Nocturnes breathes in it; it is filled with the secret sorrow of wounded love. What melancholy! Ah, the desert will be doubly a desert to her! At last we have the terrible strife of the Egyptians with the Hebrews!—this rejoicing, this march, all is disturbed by the arrival of the Egyptians. The promulgation of the edict of Pharaoh is accomplished by a musical idea which rules the *finale*, a low, grave phrase, in which we seem to hear the tread of the mighty armies of Egypt surrounding the sacred Phalanx of God, slowly enfolding it as the great African serpent would enfold its prey. Yet this grace which distinguishes the lamentation of the misused Israelites, is it not rather Italian than Hebrew? How magnificent is the whole movement up to the arrival of Pharaoh which completes the antagonistic array of the two peoples, their chiefs, and all the passions of the drama! What an admirable mingling of sentiments in the sublime octett in which the combat is engaged between the wrath of Moses and the rage of the two Pharaohs! what a conflict, of unchained voices and passions! The famous *finale* of Don Giovanni after all, only represents to us a

libertine contending with his victims, who invoke the vengeance of Heaven; whilst here it is the earth and its powers striving to contend against God.* Two peoples, the one feeble, the other mighty, are opposed to each other. And as he had all means at his disposal, Rossini has skilfully employed all. He has succeeded without any approach to the ridiculous, in expressing to us the movements of a furious tempest, over the roar of which rise, here and there, the terrible imprecations of men. He has availed himself of chords overlaid upon a rhythm in triple time, with a stern musical energy, with a determination which finally gains upon you. The fury of the Egyptians surprised by a fiery rain; the cries for vengeance of the Hebrews, demanded masses of sound most scientifically managed, and do you observe how he has made the development of the orchestra keep pace with the choruses? That *allegro assai* in C minor is terrible in the midst of this deluge of fire. Confess," added the Duchess, at the moment when Moses, raising his wand, brings down the fiery rain, a point where the composer displays his whole power on the stage and in the orchestra, "confess that music has never more graphically represented trouble and confusion."

"It has carried away the audience," said the Frenchman.

"But what is this? the audience is still in a tumult," replied Massimilla.

In fact, Genovese had sadly marred the effect of this *finale* by the most absurd irregularities, and the Italian ears of the hearers had been dreadfully shocked by his extravagances. The manager appears and apologises for his tenor, saying that he knew not how he had offended the audience when he was striving to do his best.

"Let him only be as bad as he was last night and we will be satisfied!" cried an amateur.

* Here we must protest. That an Italian lady should be slow to admit the excellencies of German, and above all, Austrian composers, is perhaps natural enough. But M. de Balzac goes too far when he represents a woman as incapable of seeing that in the antagonism of Don Giovanni with his victims nothing less is involved than the "strife of earth and its powers with God." The hostile attitude of the Egyptian King towards the God who is contending against him with earthly means, involves no idea nearly so profound as that conveyed in the conception of Don Giovanni, the heart-denying, soul-defying child of the senses, and a woman such as Massimilla Doni is represented to be, is, of all persons in the world, the least likely to fail of seeing and of feeling this.—Tr.

The entr'acte passes in the discussion of the tenor's conduct and other matters germane to the story, but not to our purpose. The second act opens with the scene between the two Pharaohs, in which Genovese tries to make peace with the pit, and succeeds.

"The phrase uttered by the son upon the key-note, and repeated by the father upon the dominant," says the Duchess, "gives us the true spirit of Egyptian royalty. Certainly the son of a Pharaoh pouring his sorrows into the bosom of his father and making him share them cannot be more nobly represented than by the grave and simple system of this music. Do you not feel yourself something here of that splendor with which our idea of old Egypt is invested?"

"The music is sublime!" answered the Frenchman.

"The air, *Pace mia smarrita*, now to be sung by the queen, is one of those factitious bravura airs to which all composers are condemned, in order to gratify the vanity of the prima donna at the expense of the general tone of the poem. Nevertheless this musical sop is so largely handled that it is faithfully executed at all theatres, nor do the cantatrici substitute for it their favorite airs, as they do in most operas. But here is the gem of the score, the duo of Elcia and Osiris in the subterranean passage wherein he seeks to conceal her, that he may fly with her to Egypt. They are disturbed by the arrival of Aaron, and we shall hear the king of Quartetts, *Mi manca la voce, mi sento morire!* This is one of those *chefs-d'œuvre* which will never perish, for it is borrowed from that language of the soul which fashions do not affect. Mozart has his *finale* of Don Giovanni, Marcello his psalm, *Celi enarrant gloriam Dei*, Cimarosa his *Pria che spunti*, Beethoven his Symphony in C minor, Pergolèse his *Stabat*, Rossini will keep his *Mi manca la voce*. To obtain this grand effect, Rossini has had recourse to the old fashion of fugues to bring in his voices and pour them into one melody. And the better to throw out the form of these sublime melodies he has silenced the orchestra, accompanying the voices only by arpeggios of harps. But, good heavens! still this uproar!"

The abominable tenor had returned to his tricks, sang worse than the worst man in the chorus, and would have brought matters to a crisis but for the superb efforts of La Tinti, who outdid herself and overwhelmed all the angry feelings of the pit in a flood of enthusiasm.

"She pours a flood of purple through my soul!" cried a ducal amateur.

"Heaven rain blessings on your head!" shouted a gondolier.

"Pharaoh will revoke his orders," resumed the indefatigable Duchess, when quiet was restored. "Moses will strike him on his throne with the curse upon the first born of Egypt. But this air, *Paventa*, is an old air of Pacini's substituted for Rossini's and which will doubtless remain in the score, as it furnishes a fine occasion to the *bassi* for displaying the wealth of their voices. The air too is magnificently threatening, and perhaps we shall not long be allowed to hear it sung!"

A salvo of bravi and applause, followed by a profound and prudent silence welcomed this air—nothing could have been more significant, more Venetian.

The coronation march of Osiris furnishes occasion for a *bouderie* against Beethoven. Elcia re-

signs her lover, who is struck down in fulfilment of the curse. "Bravo!" cried the pit, when Genovese was laid low. And the Tinti, delivered from her deplorable companion goes in victoriously to her terrible cavatina, *O desolata Elcia!*

"Rossini! why art thou not here to hear thy thoughts so grandly rendered!" cried the Duke.

"The Tinti is like that beautiful Indian plant which springs from the earth, gathers in the air an invisible nourishment and scatters from its calyx clouds of perfume which fill our brains with dreams," answered Capraja.

Kisses were waved to the singer, roses showered upon her and a crown hastily woven of the costliest artificial flowers, which the ladies snatched from their Parisian bonnets. The cavatina was ended.

"In this cavatina," observed Massimilla, "the voice and the execution are everything. The singer must bring to it the most brilliant roulade and the soul of a woman who sees her lover dying before her eyes. In order to leave all free to pure art, to the voice, Rossini has here written clear, frank phrases—he has invented these distracting musical exclamations, *Tormenti! Affanni! Smania!* The Tinti has carried the whole audience with her!"

When the first chords of the harps announced the prayer of the delivered Hebrews, the Italians all disposed themselves to listen with the most religious attention. The prayer was demanded again with earnest applause.

"I seem to be witnessing the liberation of Italy!" said a Milanese.

"This music lifts up the down-trodden and gives the hopeless hope!" murmured a Roman.

"Here," said the Duchess, "science has disappeared. Inspiration alone dictated this masterpiece, it came from the soul like a cry of love! Never will Rossini rise above the simple sublimity of this prayer. We can only find anything analogous to this in the divine psalms of the noble Venetian, Marcello, the Giotto of music. Moses takes up the theme in G minor and ends with a cadence in B flat, which permits the chorus to take it up at first *pianissimo* in B flat and to bring it back by a cadence to G minor. This noble play of the voices, thrice recommenced, ends at the last stanzas with a passage in G major, the effect of which upon the soul is astounding."

. "Sing, sing," she went on as she listened to the last stanzas sung, as she was heard, with a stern enthusiasm, "Sing, for you are free!"

She uttered these words with an accent which thrilled the physician, and to draw her away from the bitter thought that ruled then her mind, he raised one of those disputes in which the French excel.

"Madame," said he, "while explaining to me this masterpiece which, thanks to you, I shall come understandingly to-morrow to hear, you have often spoken to me of the *color* of the music and of its pictorial effects, but in my character of analytical materialist I must own to you that I always am shocked at the attempts of certain enthusiasts to make us believe that music can *paint*. Is it not like saying that Raphael sings with colors?"

"In the musical tongue," answered the lady, "to paint is to awaken by sounds certain remembrances in our souls, or images in our minds, and these remembrances and images have their colors, they are gay or gloomy. It is but a question of

words. According to Capraja, every instrument addresses certain ideas in us just as every color touches certain sentiments. When you contemplate gold arabesques on a blue ground, have you the same thoughts which are excited in you by red arabesques on a green or black ground? In the one case as in the other there are no faces, there are no sentiments expressed; it is pure art, and yet no soul can remain unmoved by these appearances. The hautboy, as well as almost all wind instruments has the power of exciting rural ideas in all minds. The brasses are warlike. The strings, whose substances is taken from organized creatures, attack the most delicate fibres of our system, and go to the bottom of our hearts. Art paints with words, with sounds, with colors, with lines, with forms; if the means differ, the effects are the same. Would you know now in what the superiority of the *chef-d'œuvre* we have heard consists? I will explain it to you in a few words. There are two orders of music, one little, mean, of the second rank, everywhere the same, which reposes on a hundred phrases that every musician may appropriate to himself, and which constitutes a more or less agreeable chattering, on which the most part of composers subsist. We hear their songs, their so-called melodies, with more or less pleasure, but they leave nothing in the memory. In a century they are forgotten. The nations, from antiquity to our own days, have preserved certain songs which sum up their morals and their manners, I might say their history. Listen to one of these songs (the Gregorian chant has gathered up the heritage of antiquity in this kind), and you straightway fall into a deep reverie, things unheard of, immense, unfold themselves before you, notwithstanding the simplicity of these rudiments, these musical ruins. Think of this well, dwell upon this thought—it is melody and not harmony which has the power of traversing the ages. The music of this opera contains a number of these great and sacred things. A work which opens with such an introduction and ends with such a prayer is immortal, immortal as the *O filii et filiae* of Easter, as the *Dies Ira* of the service for the dead, as all the songs which in all lands survive so many ruined splendors, so many joys and prosperities forever lost."

Two tears which the Duchess wiped away as she left the box, told plainly enough that she was thinking of Venice; Vendramin, the lover of Venice, stooped and kissed her hand. The representation ended with a concert of the most original maledictions, with hisses lavished upon Genovese and an insanity of enthusiasm for the Tinti.

The events of the night gave rise to two factions, which, after the Italian fashion, speedily divided the city, the Genovesians and the Tintists. How nearly the violence of these factions might have approached to that of the Ghibellines against the Guelphs, or of the Orsini against the Colonna, had time been granted them, it is impossible to say, for the sinews of the war were cut by the reconciliation that came to pass between the tenor and the prima donna. The French physician, who, during the play, as we have seen, acted substantially the part of those interlocutors in the dialogues of Plato, whose business it is to furnish breathing time for the voluble Socrates, appears, at the conclusion of the story, in a more active and creditable character. But in what way this learned disciple of Magen-

die, of Cuvier, of Dupuytren and of Broussais, unravels the tangled threads of this strange history, we may not now set forth. Let it suffice that we complete our promised picture of an opera night in Venice with a scene, not more remarkable for the truth of its local coloring than for the fidelity with which it records an experience too common, alas, under all skies and upon every stage!

Returning from the theatre, the melomaniac Capraja urges Genovese to disclose the secret of his *fiasco*. Genovese raves about his passion for the Tinti. "Yes," interrupts the Duke, "but this does not explain how, from being a divine singer, you have become the most execrable of those who drive the air through their throats without imprinting upon it that enchanting suavity which charms us.

"I!" cried the virtuoso, "I become a bad singer! I!"

At that moment the physician, Vendramin and the others had reached the Piazzetta. It was midnight. The brilliant gulf marked out by the churches of San Giorgio and San Paolo at the end of the Giudecca and the beginning of the Grand Canal so gloriously opened by the *Dogana* and by Sta. Maria della Salute, this magnificent gulf was perfectly quiet. The moon lit up the ships moored at the Riva de' Schiavoni. The waters of Venice which are unaffected by the tides of the ocean seemed alive with the trembling of millions of sparkles. Never had a singer a more magnificent stage. Genovese with an emphatic motion called the heavens and the earth to witness—then, accompanied only by the murmur of the sea, he sung the famous *chef-d'œuvre* of Crescentini, *Ombra adorata!* This song, rising between the famous pillars of St. Theodore and St. George, in the heart of deserted, moonlit Venice,—the words so harmonious with the scene—the melancholy expression of Genovese, all subdued both the Frenchman and the Italians. These four such different beings, so poor in hope, believing in nothing for themselves or after themselves, and who granted themselves to be something fleeting, the work of chance, like a blade of grass, or a beetle, caught a glimpse of Heaven. Never did music better merit its epithet of divine. . . . This simple, earnest melody, penetrating the interior senses, poured upon them a flood of light. How holy was the passion of that moment! But what a frightful awakening had the vanity of the tenor prepared for those noble emotions!

"Am I a bad singer?" asked Genovese when the air was ended.

All regretted the nature of the instrument. This angelic music then sprang from a sentiment of wounded self-love. The singer felt nothing—he thought no more of the pious sentiments, the divine images he was arousing in those hearts, than does Paganini's violin, of that which Paganini makes it utter. They all had desired to behold there Venice rising from her shroud, and singing there herself, and the matter in question was the *fiasco* of a tenor!

John Sebastian Bach.

John Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach in the year 1685. He was descended of a family in which musical genius had, for many generations, been hereditary; and he may be said to have transmitted it to his descendants: so that the name of Bach is one of the most illustrious in the history of music. The founder (as he may be termed,) of this great family, was Veit Bach. He was

a baker at Presburg, in Hungary; but being driven from that country by the religious disturbances in the sixteenth century, he removed with the remnant of his property, into Thuringia, and resumed his trade in a village in the neighborhood of Saxe Gotha. In his leisure hours he amused himself with his guitar, and communicated his musical inclination to his two sons. They did the same to their children; till by degrees there arose a very numerous family, all the branches of which appear to have made music their chief employment, and to have obtained among them most of the offices of organists, cantors*, and town musicians, in Thuringia. Some of these ancestors of John Sebastian Bach were men of eminent talents, and might have obtained both fame and fortune if they had been inclined to leave their native province. But they partook of the quiet, frugal, and contented disposition of the people among whom they lived; deriving their greatest pleasures from the practice of their art, and satisfied with the moderate competence which it procured them. The branches of this family, even when they had become numerous and scattered, were united by those ties of kindred which are observed to be so peculiarly strong among the Germans. It was their custom, every year, to assemble at some convenient place, and to spend a few days together in affectionate intercourse. Their amusements, on these occasions, were entirely musical. As their offices were all connected with the church, and as they belonged to a community among whom piety was more habitual than it has become in later times, they used to begin their pastimes by singing a hymn in chorus. Among their amusements was one called a "quodlibet," which consisted of extempore songs, of a ludicrous, and sometimes not very refined character, sung by all the company; each person singing different words, but in such a manner that the several songs made a sort of harmony together, and much laughter was caused by the quaint conceits and cross-purposes thus produced. This appears to have been an ancient and favorite German amusement; Forkel says that he had a printed collection of quodlibets published at Vienna in 1542.

The father of John Sebastian Bach was John Ambrosius Bach, court and town-musician at Eisenach. He had a brother, who held the same office at Arnstadt, and was so very like him, that even their wives could not distinguish them except by their dress. They were much attached to each other, and similar in voice, disposition, habits, and even in the style of their music. If one was ill, the other (it is said) fell sick also; and they died nearly at the same time.

John Sebastian lost his father when he was not quite ten years old; his mother had died some time before. He was thus left to the care of his elder brother, who was an organist, and from whom he received his first instructions in music. But he outran the pace at which his brother wished to proceed, and finding the lessons laid before him too easy, he used to importune his teacher to furnish him with pieces of greater difficulty. He had observed that his brother had a book containing pieces for the clavichord by the most celebrated composers of the day, and earnestly begged permission to make use of it, which was constantly refused. At last, he found means to get possession of it secretly. It was kept in a cupboard which had a door of lattice-work, through

* "In most parts of Germany, where the Protestant religion is established, each parish has a cantor to teach singing, and to direct the chorus. Though cantor is a general appellation for a singer, it is in a particular manner applied, in this country, to the person who has the direction of singing the psalm and hymns in parish churches. He is precursor, or leader of the psalm, which he likewise ends by singing the last word of every line; so that he may be called the *alpha* and *omega* of sacred song. The cantor, who is likewise frequently school-master, besides having a good voice, should necessarily understand counterpoint; if not in a high degree, at least sufficiently to correct such errors as may have crept into compositions through the ignorance or carelessness of transcribers. He should likewise be able to make an accurate score, and from the score to figure the bass, in such a manner as to include all accidents of modulation. 'Without these qualifications,' says M. Walther in his *Musical Lexicon*, 'as a German organist is not gifted with universal knowledge, no perfect harmony can be hoped for.'

"In the market-towns and villages of Thuringia, in Saxony, where two persons are usually employed in a school, he who directs the music in the choir, or leads the psalm or chorus, is called *rector*, or schoolmaster, and the organist is commonly *cantor*."—Burney's *State of Music in Germany*.

the interstices of which he could pass his little hand, and, by rolling it up, could withdraw and replace it. He set about copying it by night; and, having no candle, was obliged to work by moonlight. He took six months to finish his laborious task; but, just as he had completed his copy, his brother found it out, and cruelly took it from him; and it was not till his brother's death, which took place some time afterwards, that he recovered his treasure.

Being left destitute by the death of his brother, he went to Luneburg, and was engaged as a treble singer, in a choir at that place, and contrived, at the same time, to improve himself as a performer on the clavichord and organ. In 1703, when he was eighteen, he became court musician at Weimar; and, in the following year, exchanged this situation for that of organist at Arnstadt. Here he began to study most zealously all the works of the great organists of that day which he was able to procure; and even travelled on foot to Lubeck to hear Buxtehude, a famous organist of that town. His talents now began to attract attention; and in 1708, he was appointed court organist to the duke of Weimar. In this situation he cultivated his powers by such unwearied diligence, that, by the time he was thirty years of age, he had become the greatest organist of his day. In 1717, Marchand, the celebrated French organist, who had the reputation of being unrivalled, visited Dresden, where he performed before the king, and obtained such approbation that a large salary was offered him if he would engage in his majesty's service. Marchand was immeasurably inferior to Bach; and this was well known to Volumier, at that time director of the Dresden concerts; who, wishing to give the young German artist an opportunity of showing his superiority, obtained the king's permission to invite him to a musical contest with the Frenchman. On Bach's arrival at Dresden, Volumier procured him an opportunity of secretly hearing Marchand. He was not discouraged; but sent Marchand a polite invitation to a trial of skill; offering to play on the spot whatever Marchand should lay before him, and requesting from him a similar compliance. Marchand accepted the challenge; and, with the king's consent, a time and place were fixed for the contest. A large company of the most distinguished people in Dresden assembled; and Bach was at his post, but Marchand did not appear. After waiting a long time, the company were informed to their great surprise, that Marchand had, that morning, "taken French leave" of Dresden. Bach, therefore, had to walk over the course; and played to the admiration of the assembly. "Bach received on this occasion," says Forkel, his biographer, "praise in abundance; but it is said that he did not receive a present of one hundred Louis d'ors which the king had designed for him*."

Soon after this occurrence, Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cothen, a great judge and lover of music, invited him to take the office of his *maestro di capella*; an office which he held about six years. In the year 1723, he was appointed director of music, and cantor to Saint Thomas's school at Leipsic, which situation he held during the remainder of his life.

In 1740 his second son, the celebrated Charles Philip Emanuel, entered the service of Frederick the Second of Prussia. That prince, who, besides being a statesman and a warrior, was a musical virtuoso of the first class, had heard so much of the transcendent powers of John Sebastian Bach, that he frequently expressed to Charles Philip, a wish to see his father. These expressions were frequently repeated to the father by his son; and John Sebastian was at length induced, in 1747, to pay a visit to Berlin. At this time the king had a private concert every evening, at which he himself performed on the flute. One evening, as he was getting his flute ready, and his musicians were assembled, an officer brought him a list of the strangers who were arrived. He ran over the list; and turning to the company, said, with a kind of agitation, "Gentlemen, old Bach is come." The flute was laid aside; and Bach, who had

* Burney, in his *Present State of Music in Germany*, (vol. ii. p. 82,) says that this contest actually took place, and that Bach, "like another David, vanquished this Goliath." But the above account is undoubtedly the correct one.

alighted at his son's lodgings, was immediately sent for and introduced to the king, who did not even give him time to change his travelling dress for a chanter's black gown, according to the etiquette of the time. The king gave up his concert for the evening, and invited Bach to try his piano-fortes, made by Silbermann, which stood in several rooms of the palace. The musician went with him from room to room; and he was invited to extemporise on the various instruments. After he had gone on for some time, he requested the king to give him a subject for a fugue, which he treated with his usual genius and learning. The king then expressed a wish to hear a fugue in six parts; but, as it is not every subject that is fitted for such full harmony, Bach chose one himself, and executed it to the astonishment of his auditors. The king being desirous to hear his performance on the organ, he was next day taken to all the organs in Potsdam as he had been to Silbermann's piano-fortes. After his return to Leipzig, he worked up the subject which the king had given him into a regular composition of great depth and learning, and had it published, under the title of "Musicalisches Opfer," (Musical Offering,) and dedicated to the inventor of the subject.

Soon after this time his sight began to fail, in consequence of the unremitting industry with which he had for so many years devoted his days and nights to the study of his art. He was at length seized with a painful disorder in his eyes; and, having twice submitted to an unsuccessful operation, he became entirely blind. His constitution, which had been uncommonly vigorous, also gave way; and he died on the 30th of July, 1750, in the 66th year of his age.

Bach was twice married. By his first wife he had seven, and by his second wife thirteen children; of whom eleven were sons, and nine daughters. Four of his sons, whom we shall afterwards mention, became musicians of great eminence. He did not make a great fortune, or gain during his lifetime that extensive celebrity which was due to his exalted merit. He had, indeed, a respectable office with a good income; but he had a very numerous family to support and educate. He neither had, nor sought any other resources. His compositions were of too profound and elevated a character, to be popular, or to be a source of profit when published; and he was too single-minded, too much occupied with his art, to court the patronage of the great. Had he, like many other great musicians, chosen to travel, his wonderful genius and attainments would have been the admiration of all Europe. By such means he might have gained greater riches and immediate fame, but not greater happiness than he possessed. He enjoyed what he loved, a tranquil life in the bosom of his affectionate family, a competency, and the respect and attachment of all who knew him.

Dramatic Music.

[From the French of CHORON.]

The invention of the lyric drama of the moderns is considered by many persons to be of very distant date; that is to say, if by the lyric drama we are to understand every representation accompanied by music. And, in fact, although these older representations differ widely from the lyric drama of our time, (as much by reason of the changes that have taken place in music in general as on account of the variations that have been sustained in the particular kind of music which we are now treating) still we cannot fail to remark in the former the foundation and principle of the latter.

Ancient writers speak of representations, both sacred and profane, as having been performed since the thirteenth century. An Orfeo of Angelus Politianus is cited which was composed about the year 1475. A musical tragedy is spoken of as having been performed at Rome in 1480. It is said that, in 1555, Alphonso della Viola set to music, for the court of France, "Il Sacrifice," a pastoral drama by Agostino Beccari; and that, in 1574, an opera was performed at Venice for the reception of Henry III., when, on his return from Poland, he passed through that town, in order to take possession of the crown of France, to which

he succeeded on the death of his brother Charles IX. But all these facts are too remote, and so very few vestiges of them remain, that it is impossible to deduce anything positive as to the state of this branch of the musical Art at that period, which, however, is not so very distant, being scarcely more than two hundred and fifty years. We may, however, venture to remark, that, up to that time, the lyric drama had no style of music peculiar to itself, but borrowed from the style then in use in the church, also, from the madrigals and popular songs.

The real epoch to which the birth of dramatic music, properly so called, may be fixed, is that of the invention of the recitative or recited music, which gave to the lyric drama a peculiar language and construction. The following, it is said, was its origin.

Three Florentine gentlemen, J. Bardi, P. Strozzi, and J. Corsi, amateurs of the Art, being little satisfied with the attempts made up to their time, to bring dramatic poetry to perfection, conceived the idea of having a lyric drama written by their best lyric poet, and composed by the most eminent of their musicians. They consequently selected Ott. Rinuccini and Jacq. Peri, both of them Florentines: the former wrote a poem entitled *Daphne*, to which the latter applied a sort of recitation, in notes, having all the sounds of music, without its regular support and marked time. This work, thus disposed, was performed in 1597, at the house of Corsi, and obtained the utmost success; so much so, as to determine Rinuccini to write two other works, of the same kind, namely, *Euridice* and *Ariana*. In the same year in which *Ariana* was performed at Florence, an oratorio, with the same description of recitative, composed by Emilio del Cavaliere, and entitled *Di Anima e di Corpo*, was performed at Rome. His work, together with that of Peri, was published in 1608; and in their prefaces the two authors claim the honor of the invention of recitative, which they both maintain to be the revival of the chanting declamation of the Greeks. Each of them, in support of his claim, cites different works written previously to the time of which we have just been speaking; and Emilio, especially, mentions a drama of his own, *La Disperazione del Satiro*, composed and performed in private since the year 1590, and *Il Gioco della Cuccia*, represented in 1595. If we may credit J. B. Doni, the invention or revival of recitative belonged neither to one nor the other, but to Vincent Galileo, father of the celebrated Galileo the astronomer, who, feeling as well as Bardi and the other amateurs of Florence, the defects in the music of that age, and filled with the ardor of research, occupied himself in recovering the musical declamation of the Greeks, and having imagined the recitative, applied it to the episode of the Count Ugolino, (of Dante.) He composed also, in the same style, *The Lamentation of Jeremiah*, and sang them himself, with a viol accompaniment, before a numerous assembly. Julius Caccini, of Rome, a young singer, who frequented, with many other musicians, the house of Bardi, was enthusiastic in his admiration of this new style, and himself composed several pieces, with recitative of a very improved description. J. Peri soon became his rival in improvements, and both, according to Doni, cooperated in setting to music the *Daphne* of Rinuccini. Peri afterwards composed *Euridice*, and Caccini *Cephalus*. These pieces were followed by *Ariana*, which was put into recitative by Cl. Monteverde, of whom we have already spoken.

However the above inquiry may be decided, it is certain that, of all the above-named works, the *Euridice* of Peri was the first which was performed in public. This representation took place in 1600, at Florence, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. of France with Mary de Medicis. In the preface to the poem, which was printed the same year, Rinuccini states that the music composed by Peri to his *Daphne*, had made him cease fearing that he should never witness the revival of the musical declamation of the Greeks. In fact, nearly the whole of this work is in recitative; and it is difficult to discover any difference from the rest of the music, in those passages at the

head of which is placed the word *aria*. The same observation applies to all the works composed up to the middle of the same century. It is only in the opera of *Jason*, written by Ciccognini, and set to music in 1649 by Cavalli, that we begin to perceive airs having a melody differing from that of the recitative; yet still these airs are usually insipid, and generally (to give some idea of them) a kind of minuet, written in the time of *two-three*, and varying repeatedly. A greater degree of progress is perceptible in the operas of Cesti, who, in his *Doria*, composed in 1663, began to introduce airs in which the talent of the singer might be displayed to advantage. But what is particularly remarkable at this epoch is, that the opera began to degenerate into a *spectacle* calculated to please the sight alone; inasmuch that, in the works represented about the end of the seventeenth century, no mention whatever is made either of the poet, the composer, or the singers, but only of the machinist and the decorator. This, however, did not discourage an immense number of composers from devoting themselves to this style. So great indeed is their number, that it would be impossible to enter into any details with regard to them, without the risk of being carried too far.

Among these composers, there were many who had great knowledge and genius; to prove which, it is sufficient to name Fr. Gasparini, Perti, Colonna, Lotti, and above all, the celebrated Alessandro Scarlatti, to whom the invention of the *obligato* recitative is generally attributed. The principal characteristic of these celebrated composers of operas is, however, their science; and perhaps this was all they could do at a period such as that in which they wrote.

In the midst of this confusion, some few among them, and particularly Scarlatti, felt the necessity of making the melody conformable to the expression of the words; and some attempts made to this effect were very successful. This great improvement was, however, left to be completed by the first generations of the eighteenth century; and it is to the illustrious pupils of Scarlatti, namely, to Leo, Vinci, Sarro, Hasse, Porpora, Feo, Alas, and especially Pergolesi, that this approach to perfection is attributable. They were well seconded by the poets of their time, and particularly by Apostolo Zeno, and his pupil Metastasio, who presented them with poems, written with purity and elegance, and full of interesting situations. Three generations may be considered as having followed this same system, profiting by the successive embellishments of melody and of the orchestra. In the first generation is comprehended the men we have just named; the second presents to our notice names not less celebrated, such as Jomelli, Piccini, Sacchini, Guglielmi, Traetta, Anfossi, Terradellas, and others; and the third, formed from the pupils of these last, has been rendered famous by Paisiello and Cimarosa.

This period, however brilliant, as it certainly was, was not exempt from faults; for instance, though their poems present some interesting and dramatic situations, essential errors may be found in the general construction of them, and even in the form of the detailed parts, where dramatic consistency is frequently sacrificed to the music; added to which, the singers, who then began to display abilities before unknown, exacted generally of the poet and composer such situations as would best suit their talents; the result of which was, that though dramatic music was indeed invented, the true lyric drama did not as yet exist. These abuses, deeply felt, and exposed by the best lyric poets, (by B. Marcello and by Metastasio himself) induced men of the greatest talent to make some efforts to create, at length, a perfect lyric drama, that is to say, a drama composed according to all the dramatic rules, and in which the music should be entirely subservient to the action. The first essays towards this were made by B. Marcello, who soon, however, disgusted with the vexations he met with at the theatre on this account, contented himself with laying open his principles in his writings, and giving examples of them in his sublime collection of psalms, an incomparable masterpiece of melody, harmony, and truth. The application of these principles to the

stage, with all the fulness of truth, was left to the celebrated Gluck, who, without possessing, as a composer, either the profound science or elegance of the great Italian and German masters, had sufficient talent and genius to complete, about the middle of the last century, (in 1764) this important revolution. He was considerably aided by the poet Calzabigi, who was the first that wrote an essentially dramatic lyric poem, his *Orfeus*. Gluck thus became a model to his contemporaries, several of whom, such as Piccini, Sacchini, and others, followed in the same track.

After such successful endeavors, the art seemed to be for ever fixed on a firm basis, with the exception of the changes that the variations of melody would probably occasion in it; and indeed, up to the present time, revolutions have taken place in this respect, of which it appears impossible to foresee the term. However, towards the close of the last century, the advancement of instrumental music caused a sensible movement in that of the drama; some composers having endeavored to introduce into operatic accompaniments the richness of the symphony. It is on this plan that Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, and all of their school worked. This very brilliant system has great advantages, but a difficulty naturally results from it not easily to be overcome, which is that the most essential part, the *vocal*, supposing it even to have all its requisite qualities, is apt to be eclipsed, and even sometimes to appear less important than the accessory part.

On recapitulating the preceding observations, it will be found that at least six distinct epochs may be traced in the history of dramatic music within the space of two centuries. The first which we shall name, that of the recitative, under Peri, Monteverde, and their imitators; the second, that of the birth of dramatic melody, under Cavalli, Cesti, &c.; the third, that of science, under Peri, Colonna, and Scarlatti; the fourth, that of expression, under Vinci, Porpora, Pergolese, and the other pupils of Scarlatti; the fifth, that of the *lyric drama*, properly so called, under Gluck and his followers; and the sixth and last, that of dramatic symphony, under Haydn, Mozart, and Cherubini.

In all that we have as yet said, we have principally had in view the tragic drama, or rather lyric tragedy. It will be easily conceived that in what concerns melodic language, the comic drama, otherwise called lyric comedy, comic opera, buffa, interludes, &c. must have experienced the same revolutions; we shall therefore speak of them here in a very summary manner, and this with the view of pointing out those variations that have taken place in the proper construction of comedy, and of recalling to the memory those persons who have most distinguished themselves in it. The invention of lyric comedy is considered to be as remote as that of lyric tragedy. The origin both of one and the other is, however, lost in the obscurity of the middle age; probably we ought to seek it in the farces, moralities, and mysteries with which our ancestors were amused in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The most ancient lyric comedies expressly mentioned, seem to be of the sixteenth century: of this kind are cited, the *Sacrificio* of Beccari, set to music in 1555 by Alphonso della Viola; *I Pazzi Amanti*, in 1569; *La Poesia rappresentata*, in 1574; *La Tragedia di Frangipani*, the music by Cl. Merula; *La Poesia rappresentata*, &c. 1678; *Il Re Salomone*, 1579; *Pace e Vittoria*, 1580; *Pallade*, 1581, &c.; *L'Anfi-Parnasso*, of O. Vecchi, 1597: all of which were represented at Venice. The music of these works was completely in the madrigal style; and if it had its beauties, it had also its absurdities, which were still more apparent on the stage, where every thing should appear true. Amongst these inconveniences, we shall name, as one of the most remarkable, the use of *monologues*, sung by several voices, on account of the want of instruments for accompaniment. It is not precisely ascertained when the recitative was introduced into lyric comedy. Several comic operas are known, written in the course of the seventeenth century; but without resting on objects, of the details of which we are ignorant, let us hasten to reach the period when Scarlatti

and his pupils introduced expression in dramatic music. Amongst these masters we find Pergolese, who distinguished himself by his talent in introducing declamatory modulation into dramatic music. Logroscino is likewise remarkable, as having, by the invention of finales, given to dramatic melody a new kind of development; and although in the two generations which we have indicated as succeeding this, the greater part of the composers and poets who rendered themselves illustrious cultivated lyric comedy equally with tragedy, still many peculiarly distinguished themselves in comedy; such as N. Piccini for instance, whose *Buona Figliola*, a masterpiece of grace and truth, announced the composer who was to surpass his model. In this same generation flourished the illustrious Grétry, who made Pergolese his especial model, also the composers who, following his steps, have given to France the true lyric comedy. In fine, comic music, after having been embellished by the genius of Guglielmi, Paisiello, Cimarosa, and other pupils of Piccini and their contemporaries, could not escape from the inroads of symphony: it supported the yoke under the reigns of Mozart and his imitators. Let us not, however, exclaim against an innovation which has produced masterpieces of an entirely new character, but rather let us endeavor to convince all those who would be tempted to take Mozart as a model, that to give effect to such a school of writing, the genius of a Mozart is indispensable.

Foreign and Native Musicians.

We have seen and heard JULIEN! 'Well, there! there's no use talking.' Nothing like him, nothing approaching him, as a 'leader,' has ever appeared in America. We used to think, when a little boy in the country, that APOLLOS HOPKINS, when he rose in the centre of the gallery of our great, square, straight-backed 'cathedral,' was the greatest leader we ever saw; previously taking out his pine pitch-pipe, (painted red at the same time the roof of our barn was painted, and from the same pot,) pulling it out as far as 'G' on the slide, and, with a preliminary 'Low-low-LUD-low 'um 'um!' 'setting' the tune, in something the same way that an 'expert' would 'set' a saw. Then would he rise, and his 'corps' with him, the women on the right hand and the men on the left, and, with his long blue sheepskin-backed singing-book (its covers rising and falling, like the slow-moving wings of a spread-eagle) in his left hand, and the tips of his great, bony fingers resting on the book, giving the 'upward beat, downward beat,' 'with a short, uneasy motion,' until, with uplifted hand and stentorian preliminary voice he awoke the 'great deep' of nasal 'execution.' Such was APOLLOS HOPKINS, the great musical leader of our time. But JULIEN is different. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the style of the two performers. JULIEN seems more graceful. HOPKINS wore no gloves, and his coarse hands were 'brown as the ribbed sea-sand.' JULIEN wears very white ones; his hands are small, and he 'makes more motions.' JULIEN is 'more stubbed than what APOLLOS was,' who was tall and lank; and when he stood up, and was under way, you could see, as they say, the leader 'sticking out.' Not so with JULIEN. He 'fires and falls back,' in his elegant chair, apparently dead of a surfeit of sweet sounds. But, everything else apart, JULIEN is a wonder. He is a true genius. Nothing has ever moved us so much, in the way of music, as the harmony which he compels from his hundred instruments, all sounding in unison, at once. It is the very perfection of art in its kind, and is really a 'living delight.'—*Knickerbocker Magazine*.

The Harp.

Of all the musical instruments that have touched the ear and the heart of mankind, the Harp stands foremost. Exquisitely beautiful as is the spirit of its chords when struck by the hand of a master, the glory of its renown lies in associations and memories, tender and sacred, connecting it with the earliest history of our race, and with the most romantic and poetic ages of the past. When the oppressors of Israel asked for a song from the

dark-eyed daughters of their captives, as they sat weeping by the waters of Babylon, they pointed to their harps "hung upon the willows" and their lips refused a song of joy. The national instrument might wail a psalm of sorrow to lighten the weariness of captivity, to recall memories of home, but it had no jubilant strain to gladden the heart of a conqueror while the "chosen people" sat in bondage and tears.

But there were exultant strains in the Harp when David touched its strings, and danced before the ark; or when the feet of Miriam moved obedient to its harmonies. The Harp, too, was exultant in the hands of the Northern Skald, as he celebrated the triumphs of his Jarl, or sounded the praise and majesty of his gods in the halls of Odin, or on the mountain tops consecrated to Thor. There the white-haired and white-robed bard sang to the music of the harp, the history of races and heroes, the glory of religion and the splendors of the immortal state. The wandering Romans, approaching the shores of Britain, thus held the priests and poets of a religion anterior to Christ, piling sacrificial fires and invoking the aid of their deities against the invading Caesar. In all Northern Europe, the Harp sounded in banquet hall and camp, at the druid altar and at the head of the embattled host. The harper was historian, eulogist, priest and seer.

Kings were harpers of old. The psalmist-monarch uttered his rejoicing and sorrow to the music of the harp. The great Alfred, of Britain, found in his harp a ready key to the camp and tent of the conqueror of his country, and while he charmed the ear of the Dane as he quaffed his mead, he also espied the weakness of a foe who, ere another dawn, felt the fair hand of the royal harper victoriously grasping the battle-axe and the sword. And the great conqueror, Brian Boroihme—a king by might as by right; not heavier were his death-dealing blows on the "Field of the Green Banner," Clontarf, than were his fingers light and wizard when he touched that harp which Ireland still treasures among her relics, and which Bocha claims to have touched to please the ear of a Saxon king. And who has not fancied hearing, in some reverie of the soul over the fall and sorrow of nations, the strains of that mighty harp, viewless but living and immortal—

"The harp that hung in Tara's halls."

Rude or perfected, in all nations the harp has had a home and a welcome. The Hebrew, the Scandinavian, the Cimbrian and the Celt have held it hallowed. Saints, pilgrims and heroes have been solaced by it, and we are taught that, ascending to higher glories, the angels of God strike celestial melodies from its strings. It is not strange, then, with such a history upon earth, with such a prophecy and faith attached to its future, that the harp is become a chosen and universal, as it is a sacred instrument. Intrinsically exquisite, in form as in tone, it lacks nothing that could commend it to our sympathies and delight.

These thoughts have been suggested by a glimpse at the magnificent Double Action Harps, at the Crystal Palace, manufactured by Messrs. J. F. Browne & Co., of this city, who were also the leading Harp makers of London. Nothing could be more perfect and beautiful than these instruments, and we do not wonder that, even when less perfect, the sad-fated Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, and the famous Madame de Genlis, were enthusiastic patrons of the Harp. Bocha, the prince of modern harpists, pronounces the Harps of the Messrs. Browne & Co. equal to the celebrated Erard's, of Paris, and excelled by none in the world. In one respect they are superior to any European harps, viz: they are fitted for the extremes of climate in this country. For his improvements in this delightful instrument, which is equally a noble ornament for the parlor, and a source of exquisite pleasure alike to performer and hearer, Mr. Browne has received the Franklin medal of the Society of Arts.

No lady nor gentleman, to our mind, can possess a finer musical accomplishment than the skillful performance of the Harp, and no accomplishment is easier, or grander, if the "Double-Action Harp" be the instrument chosen. The principal

teachers and performers have abandoned the imperfect single-action harp, and it is sufficient for the fame of the splendid Double-Action American Harps of Messrs. Browne & Co., that M. Bochs, the first of living harpists and harp composers, unqualifiedly commends them to the public, and uses no other himself.—*New York Mirror*.

THE BRIDE OF THE ADRIATIC.

[From the Italian of L. CARRER.]

[A Venetian gentleman loved a young girl who returned his affection. Marriage between them being impossible, the young girl drowned herself. The gentleman would never marry any other person, and being finally chosen Doge, declared himself espoused to the Sea. This is the origin of the feast of the Bucentaur, though the historians refer it to another cause.]

Let the sounds of gladness die
On the azure ways of ocean,
Where amid the rocks I lie
Sighing forth my lone emotion.

Give to me the jewel golden,—
My lamenting I will cease,
Him, who by this token's holden,
I will here await in peace.

Never shall another name him
Spouse, to me who pledged his faith;
His he called me—I will claim him,
Yielded up to me by death.

Softest bridal couch I'm making
For that day—of whitest foam—
Soothing thus my passion aching
Till I win him to my home.

When at last life's final morrow
Sends my long lost spouse to me,
In this cavern of my sorrow
Robed and waiting I will be.

Shells of Venice shall be shining
On my breast and on my hair,
And the seaweeds green and twining
Girdled round my waist I'll wear.

And I'll wear this ring I've treasured,
Flung from off his golden throne;
Years on years this ring has measured
Every throb my heart has known.

"See this ring, dear, can'st thou tell
Why 'tis with me, here, always?"

"It is the ring, I know it well,
I gave thee on my festal day!"

"But thou art pale and cold, dear wife!"

"It is the waves have made me so;
Above wert thou with joy and life,
I with the thought of thee, below!"

"Long, my bride, hath Heaven tried thee!
Faithful still hath been thy heart!

Now, at last, I stand beside thee;
Never, never shall we part!

"I with thee will skim the waves
While the daylight gilds the deep,
And the silence of thy caves
Shall protect our tranquil sleep!

"Close united thus—in fashion
New at every moment found,
Born upon the sea, our passion
But the boundless sea shall bound!"

W. H. H.

CHURCH MUSIC.—A correspondent complains that the organs in our churches overpower the voices of the singers. It always seemed to us that singing as a part of public worship is very strangely conducted in Christian churches. The words are always drowned in the tune. If the singing is intended merely as a professional exhibition, it is not generally, we suppose, of a character to justify the attention given to it. If it is intended for a higher purpose, as a part of the public worship, we cannot see the propriety of singing in such manner that the sentiment of the hymn is entirely lost. As the singing in our churches is conducted, the words might as well be in a foreign tongue.—*Proc. Jour.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 1, 1853.

M. Fétis's Musical Testament.

II.

In our paper of September 17, we made some extracts from the commencement of this curious document. We have followed M. Fétis in his rapid review of the history of musical Art, and have seen him, by the light of his eclectic principle that musical genius, musical ideas survive, while musical forms change and grow obsolete, recognize the merit of the various schools of composers from the time when the musical scale lay half developed in the old church modes, and when the plain chant was the whole material of music, down to the modern deluge of Rossini-ism, which swept all before it, about the year 1821. The extravagant rage for the Rossini melody, and the fashion of imitating its mere form, (for form alone, not substance, can be imitated), were, it appears, what first provoked Fétis to commence a formal propaganda of what he held to be the sound principles of taste, by the weekly publication of his famous musical Review. We translate his own account of it.

"It was a time of actual affliction for me, this epoch when I saw the reality of Art called in question; when men deified faults rather than beauties in the works of the composer of the day, depreciating the noble productions of another period, and even those of Mozart, the greatest creator of ideas whom God had sent upon the earth. Surely, no one had more admiration than I for what there was truly beautiful, original and profoundly conceived in the dramatic works of Rossini! The regret I felt at seeing that illustrious man spoil such fine thoughts by common-place formulas which he himself despised, did not diminish in the least the high esteem with which I was penetrated for the inspirations of his genius. And now to-day, when, dropped by the indifference of the vulgar, that genius languishes in isolation and neglect, one voice has remained faithful to him in the proclaiming of his glory; that voice is mine. But, in considering the character of his talent, I assigned to him his place as the representative of an epoch in the history of the Art; an epoch characterised above all by the development of the power of rhythm, by new applications of the enharmonic change, and by formulas of modulation until then unused. It was a long way from that to the idolatry of the multitude, who cried out, *No salvation, outside of the music of Rossini!*

"After meditating a long time on the best means of enlightening this infatuated world and of dissipating its errors, I settled upon the idea of my *Revue Musicale*, of which the first numbers were published in the month of February 1827, and of which fifteen volumes appeared within eight years. It was in this collection that I made, for the first time, the exposition of my doctrine of the imperishable worth of works of Art, whatever be their epoch and their principle, when they are rich in ideas, and when the merit of the form is in proportion with these ideas and their principle. I there attacked without concealment all the prejudices opposed to this doctrine; I courageously upheld glories legitimately acquired and which they sought to tarnish; finally, I showed no pity to the bad taste which fashion protected with its influ-

ence. Many musical journals had been undertaken in Paris for more than sixty years before; but not one had been able to sustain itself. The time no doubt had grown more favorable, for I found readers, who were wanting to my predecessors; the artists read the numbers eagerly as they appeared; even the elegant world took an interest in them; the provinces saw in them a means of information about the actual condition of the Art and about the worth of its productions; in short, all Europe was moved by the words of a sincere voice which came to affirm to the artists and to all art-lovers, that the history of this Art is not that of a dreadful shipwreck in which all is irrevocably swallowed up. I need not say that the *Revue Musicale* had also its detractors, that it raised up against itself the recriminations of wounded self-love, and that envy did not pardon its author his success after so many other fruitless trials; but I have never suffered such considerations to shake me when I believed a thing was good and useful.

"My end was already partially attained, and there commenced a salutary re-action in public opinion in favor of good and beautiful music; I then thought the time favorable for entering more deeply into men's convictions, and I organized my *historical concerts*. People have quite a different sort of confidence in the authority of words, from what they have in the experience acquired by their own personal impressions. I believed, then, that the most rooted prejudices against the music of earlier times would be unable to resist the hearing of this music, when selected with a true discernment of what it has most ideal and consequently most original, and I formed the plan of concerts, in which should be heard the best productions of each kind in a chronological and systematic order, preparing their effect by verbal explanations and by anecdotes. I would not undertake to tell what energy it required to assemble all the means of execution for such concerts, to triumph over difficulties, to put obstacles aside, and carry through the enterprise, in spite of the intrigues of envy and the ill will that surrounded me on all sides. But the certainty of success sustained me; it went far beyond my hopes. Nothing can give a true idea of the enthusiasm that seized the audience of those *séances* where a whole world unknown revealed itself with its secular forms and produced impressions as lively as they were various. All was new in that world of ideas which they had been wont to consider as forever buried in oblivion. This grand and consoling truth, which I had long been preaching, that the Beautiful is absolute, that it resides in the idea, and that the idea, essentially original, is of no age and cannot grow old; this truth, I say, became perceptible to all the world, and the palpable proof I gave of it seemed like a veritable resurrection of the past. The conception of the historical concerts made no less sensation in foreign countries, than their execution had produced in Paris: all the musical journals of Germany published considerations on this subject; for several years my correspondence brought me congratulations upon this conception, qualified by all the expressions which the artistic sentiment could inspire. Even at this day, in my distant travels, the remembrance of the historical concerts often assures me a touching and most kindly welcome on the part of many persons who are only indirectly occupied with music.

"That work has borne its fruits: an eclectic sense for the beauties of music, of whatsoever age and form, has penetrated everywhere. The beautiful works of past times have re-seized their rights, are listened to with the applause they merit, and inspire sincere delight in souls select. The adepts of this religion every day increase in number, and the reign of formula is drawing near its close."

The conclusion of M. Fétis's "Testament" has not yet come to hand.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The Address by GEO. R. RUSSELL, Esq., before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, was delivered before a large audience in the Tremont Temple, on Tuesday evening. The address was exceedingly interesting and commanded the close attention of the audience. It was comprehensive, progressive and liberal; giving a brief outline of the history of ancient Art; showing the true dignity of labor, and its absolute necessity in our country; the beauty and superiority of the golden Arts of Peace to the Arts of War; the connection and mutual dependence of the Fine Arts and the Mechanic Arts, and the duties of mechanics to advance the progress of their respective Arts.

It was written in a lively, interesting style, enlivened throughout with much humor and considerable keen satire: and of a most judicious length, the orator acting on the famous maxim of Lord Chesterfield, to this effect, "When you have made a good impression, leave!"

The Brigade Band performed several pieces of music very satisfactorily, and their performance gave a very favorable impression of the acoustic qualities of the Hall, as a Music Hall. As a Hall for *speaking*, we believe it, so far as we have observed, to be unequalled. We shall wait to hear a full orchestra in it, however, before giving a decided opinion in the matter.

After the exercises in the Temple, we learn that the Association held a Levee at the Revere House. From the proceedings there, as reported in the daily papers, we extract the following well deserved tribute to the President of the Association, JONAS CHICKERING, a noble specimen of "a working mechanic," who exalts his calling and reflects honor on himself and the city to which he belongs. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop writes as follows to the Vice President of the Association.

I had intended to avail myself of the opportunity to propose the health of my valued friend, your President. May I ask you to do this in my name, if it has not previously been done by somebody else?

I have met Mr. Chickering in more than one Association, civil, political and religious. I may almost say, in the well remembered words of Shakespeare, "I have sounded him from the lowest note to the very top of his compass,"—and I can truly add, that I have always found him in perfect chord, and tuned to concert pitch. He makes harmony wherever he goes.

The sympathies of the whole community were with him, when the devouring element arrested his business for a moment, and we all rejoice that he has re-established himself so speedily and so successfully.

I would offer as a sentiment—
Jonas Chickering, who fulfils the whole idea of a President of a Mechanic Charitable Association. He has been tried in the fire, and has come out pure metal.

CONCERTS.—The concert season has begun, as our readers will see by turning to our advertising columns. OLE BULL announces his Farewell Concert for next Tuesday evening, assisted by the favorite pianist, Mr. STRAKOSCH and by Signorina ADELINA PATTI, a child in years (but no mere youthful phenomenon, if what we hear is true), and the sister of the PATTI of old times. The famous Norwegian has a great host of enthusiastic admirers, who cannot soon forget the charm and excitement of the time when they first heard him, and a new generation of concert goers, grown up since his first visit, are eager to hear him.

The new QUARTET CLUB also announce an opening concert, as a sample of their proposed series, to be given in the Tremont Temple. So far as the names of the artists are any guarantee of the excellence of the performance, we may safely expect an interesting series of concerts of classical music from this new Club, and wish them all success in this undertaking.

A complimentary concert to Mr. THOMAS COMER is also announced in the daily papers. Mr. Comer's long musical services in this city, in the Church, the Theatre and the Concert room, well deserve somewhat more than an empty compliment, and if the programme be good, we shall hope to see the Music Hall crowded on the occasion.

New York.

The *Tribune* cautiously damns with most faint praise, Maretzek's new prima donna, CONSTANZI MANZINI, a soprano from Naples. After making many allowances for a first appearance and other embarrassments, we are told that in person she is young, slender and pretty; in execution pretty fair, but not brilliant; her voice, a soprano, with much facility in the upper notes, which she can take very *piano*, and swell and diminish with apparent ease; her intonation, excellent; her most marked deficiency being "an inadequacy of intensity and of sympathetic tone." She made her first appearance on Monday, in "Lucia." Such praise is surely not enthusiastic, but it may be that there is something in her. *Nous verrons.* We will give her fair hearing in Boston, when our turn shall come.

The Italian Opera has closed its first week auspiciously. Two of the three operas given, *I Parlati* and *Ernani*, though not new, are not hackneyed, and as such have a special interest with the public. It is remarkable of the Opera of past winters in this City, that it contained singers whose merits appeared only to be fully recognized when they were introduced into the *Academie* of Paris, or the Queen's Opera at London. Among these may be named Tedesco, Laborde, and Bosio, all now playing the first parts at the great lyrical establishments in the chief cities of Europe. We throw out this hint, because America now should not be backward in determining the rank of artists for herself, but receive them and place them technically where they ought to be. We have frequently heard a company of singers at the boasted *Academie* of Paris not comparable to the one now at Niblo's; we now speak of the singers, and not of the orchestra or stage effect. But it is the experience of every traveler that he has not unfrequently sought for superiority abroad and found inferiority. But *omne iugum pro magistro*; names come roaring from afar, or down from antiquity, when the same or better would be unnoticed or unknown if placed quietly or indigenously under our own eyes. This is true as regards literature equally with art. There is not a week passes without writing equal to the best in books of English literature, but as it comes anonymously and is printed in the most shadowy of fugitive ways, it passes off with the day or week which gives it birth.

Among the singers at Niblo's is Marini, who in his happiest moments, is the best basso extant, always excepting Lablache. To the student of the Italian language simply, we cannot recommend so good a lesson, as the unimpeachably good recitative of Marini. Salvi is a vocalist of large style, and as such was a star of the Queen's Theatre. Steffanone, on the whole, is the best Norma we have had.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—M. Jullien's season at Castle Garden has ceased, and he begins a second month of Concerts, six a week, at Metropolitan Hall.

We have found nothing to change of our first impression of M. Jullien and his company, given at length on his first appearance. The orchestra now plays better than ever. Habituated to nightly performances, with almost daily rehearsals, laboriously minute and accurate, they rendered on Saturday night, all styles of music, from the symphony to the waltz, with a delicacy and clearness of outline that may be compared to some exquisitely fine cabinet painting.

The great beauty of an orchestra consists in its power and variety,—affording all the necessary lights and shades. The great fault of our orchestra playing, in ordinary, is the want of these. Numbers are deficient, and the contrasts of light and shade accordingly do not appear. Jullien extracts not only a *piano* passage, but a *forte*. A *forte* is not simply loudness, but it is a great body of sound, balanced and varied in its colossal resonance. In an ordinary orchestra the loudness wants this quality—it is noisy without being full. Then, too, for the body of the piano passages, a great mass of stringed instruments is required: these to the number of about seventy, Jullien has, in his immense orchestra of one hundred and two. Both the artistic loudness and softness of an orchestra are dependent on the purity of tone of each performer; and, when we remember that Jullien's orchestra has several performers without equals in the world on their respective instruments; some others who have no superiors, and the balance equal to the average of the players even of the Conservatory Concerts of Paris, we may judge of its capacity to paint truly, musical subjects.

The public, now, under the baton of Jullien, should endeavor to widen its circle of appreciation in instrumental music. They should remember that music has its rhetoric as completely as poetry or prose—as an epic or an oration. While due admiration should be given to the exquisite passionate and heroic solo playing of Koenig on the cornet; to the matchless tone of Reichart on the flute; to the unapproached execution of Bottesini on the double bass; to the wonderfully pure and brilliant tone of Wuille on

the clarinet; or in another way, while full applause should be extended to the arrangement of national airs, which have invariably merit and generally excellence—being concentrated expressions of feeling wherein the greatest composers have found sources of inspiration or means of elucidation—yet the composition of music should be properly looked to at the same time. The public should now pay attention to combinations, to harmonies—to the exordium, progress, development and peroration of musical ideas—to music as a language of passion and emotion; and they should not merely dwell on individual players and the materialistic suggestion of the imitation of the tramping of men's or horses' feet, and the common place introduction of Fourth of July nationality—mere Yankee-doodle-isms, which are not nationality in a lyrical sense, but as far as they go, the death of high national art, as they raise a false issue in the concert-room.—*Tribune.*

A NEW VOLUME of this journal will commence with the number for Saturday, October 8th. Just the beginning of the musical season, and just the time for new subscribers to begin to read our paper. We trust our friends, who are satisfied that this paper is worth sustaining, will use a little effort to induce others to subscribe.

We would also state, for the benefit of those who may wish to keep connectedly such mirror of the musical times as we have given for the eighteen months past, that we have a good supply of all the back numbers on hand, with bound volumes of the first year.

Advertisements.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS WILL COMMENCE IN BOSTON,

...ON...

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24,

...AT THE...

Boston Music Hall.

Oct. 1, 3.

NEW BOOK FOR THE MELODEON.

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EASY AND PROGRESSIVE LESSONS;

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This work will take the lead as a Method, easy, progressive and complete, for Reed Instruments. The Exercises are various, which, together with the Songs, Polkas, Dances, &c., numbering about one hundred, make the book as attractive as valuable. Published by
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DON GIOVANNI: BY MOZART,
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Instruction on the Piano-Forte, and Cultivation of the Voice.

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RESIDENCE, at the WINTHROP HOUSE, BOSTON.

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ANDREAS T. THORUP, TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, No. 84 Pinckney Street.

Lessons given either at Mr. T.'s house, or at the residence of the pupil. Application may be made at the music-stores of Geo. P. Reed & Co. or T. T. Barker. Sept. 17, 3m.

JUST PUBLISHED, F. WEILAND'S Instructions for the Spanish Guitar, Price \$1 net. G. ANDRÉ & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS, TEACHER OF THE

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MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c. Boston, April 22. 3m

SINGING AND PIANO-FORTE.

MISS FANNY FLAZER begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the City, and is now ready to resume her teaching.
PAVILION HOTEL, Sept. 24th. 2t

THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.
Boston, September 24, 1853.

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

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RIMBAULT'S HAND-BOOK OF SINGING: being the Second of Rimbault's Series of Elementary Music Works. Just published. Price 50 cents.
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BEETHOVEN'S ORATORIO OF ENGEDI, or DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS, known as the MOUNT OF OLIVES, is this day published in a neat, convenient form for the singer or concert-goer by

Geo. P. Reed & Co., Publishers,
17 Tremont Row, Boston.
Jan. 8.

—Edward I. Balch,

OLE BULL'S
FAREWELL CONCERTS IN AMERICA!

OLE BULL announces to his friends and to the public that he will give a GRAND CONCERT on

TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 4th,
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

On which occasion he will be assisted by

ADELINA PATTI.

The Musical Phenomenon, and

MAURICE STRAKOSCH,

The celebrated Pianist and Composer.

The Tickets will be numbered to correspond with the seats in the Hall, and may be obtained at Mr. Wade's music store, 197 Washington street.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

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New Hall of the Tremont Temple!

THE undersigned, resident artists, respectfully announce to the Citizens of Boston and vicinity, that they will give a

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT,

On Saturday Evening, Oct. 15th,

In the beautiful Hall of the Tremont Temple, on which occasion will be performed: *Hummel's famous Septuor* in D minor, for piano, flute, oboe, horn, &c.; a *Quartet for French Horns*; a *Fantasia for Piano*, with orchestral accompaniment, assisted by the best artists of the city. Miss MARY ELINA CURRAN, a very promising Vocalist, will make her first appearance, and sing some fine ballads of Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c. Miss MARY SALL, a wonderful Pianist, nine years of age, will perform a *Duo-Sonata* by Mozart, with Mr. PERABEAU, and also a *Solo* from the "Child of the Regiment."

Our subscribers to the *Classical Matinées* will please use their tickets for this Festival; and we pledge ourselves hereby that our Subscription Concerts will be in no way inferior to this one. Professors are respectfully invited to get their tickets at T. T. Barker's music store.

Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at the usual places. Subscription lists to our *Classical Matinées* will be found at the different music stores; \$3 for the whole series of Eight Concerts.

H. ECKHARDT, WM. KEYZER, VIOLINS.
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TH. MAASS, Cello, H. PERABEAU, PIANIST.

Oct. 1, 3t.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends that Circulars respecting their Concerts and Rehearsals will be issued on the arrival of AUGUST FRILES from Europe, who is expected about the 28th September. Arrangements have been made with an excellent artist from Leipzig to take the place of Wm. Lehmann in the approaching season. Their repertoire will be found complete, by the addition of many new, standard works.
Sept. 24.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

GRAND CONCERTS! The GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully announce to their friends and the public of Boston and vicinity, that they give a series of TEN GRAND CONCERTS, at the

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

Commencing on SATURDAY EVENING, October 22d, and continued every other Saturday Evening.

The ORCHESTRA will be increased by the addition of many of the best artists in the country, thereby enabling the Society to produce the elaborate compositions of the great masters with better effect than heretofore. No expense will be spared to render the Orchestra complete in every department.

The best available talent, vocal and instrumental, will be engaged during the season, to render the series of Concerts equal in point of brilliancy and attraction to any ever given in Boston.

In order to prevent the confusion and disappointment experienced upon the unusual demand for tickets last season, ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER of subscription tickets will be issued.

SUBSCRIBERS' TICKETS. A package of thirty tickets to be used at pleasure, \$10; half packages, containing fifteen tickets, \$5. Subscription papers are now open at all the Music Stores and principal Hotels. The issue of tickets will commence at Wade's Music Store on the 8th of October.
Sept. 17. 1t

CLASSICAL MATINÉES.

THE undersigned, resident artists of Boston, intend to give a series of *Classical Concerts* during next winter, in which the best works of the great composers will be performed; such as Quartets, Quintets, Septets, Trios, Duos and Solos, by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini, etc. The programme will be made more attractive by *Vocal performances* between the different pieces, as also Solos for Horn, Violoncello, Piano, Violin, etc., occasionally. Many greater compositions, as Quartets, Quintets, and Septets for Piano with String and Wind instruments, will be produced, which have never been publicly performed in Boston. To accommodate Ladies and others out of town, we propose to give our Concerts in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter. The subscription is \$5 for the Series of Eight Concerts. Single tickets 50 cents each.

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